Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVII. — *Philadelphia, October 20, 1838.* — **Whole No. 899.**

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE ROBIN'S LAY.

BY E. C. JONES, ESQ.

'Twas a lovely morn in May,
The clouds were tinged with gold;
And Nature's green array
A tale of gladness told:
The zephyrs of the south,
Came playing round the brow;
And music gushed in sweetest strains;
From every leafy bough.
Perched on the woodland tree,
A Robin swelled his note;
And more than witching melody,
Came from the warbler's throat;
It would seem to Nature's King,
His matin lay was given,
And thus methought it spake,
This chorister of heaven—
"Thanks for the lovely morn,
Thanks for the cheering ray,
Thanks for the music of the bough,
The gleaming of the spray.
of creation fair,
bountifully free,
in thy goodness share,
the tiny bird like me.
as an helpless thing,
my little nest I lay,
gavest food to the famishing,
saved from the bird of prey,
now I can spread my wing,
sport in the shady groves,
not as the cage-bound prisoner,
sorrows for all it loves,—
skipping from tree to tree,
from the haunts of men;
creature of joy and liberty,
in my narrow glen:
to my kindest friend,
ched on the woodland tree
the feathered tribe may hear,
matin melody.

And when autumnal blasts,
Shall scatter the leaves about,
sit me then on the naked branch,
caroll my tribute out,
I will not be like man,
sad in the hour of gloom;
wait in patience the happy time,
When Nature again shall bloom.
storm may gather round me,
the driving snow may come:
I know His bounteous hand,
give my daily crumb."

THE PASTOR'S DEATH BED.

A Sketch of German Life.

FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

...e," said Herder to his son, in the fever- ...tion of sickness—"Give me a noble ...to refresh me withal!" But what is it ...most part, we are found giving to our ...-mortals, when the shining dew on their ...come grey? Instead of bright pictures ...sky, to shine through the darkness of ...accumulate a host of unfamiliar and un...ges around the bed of sickness. When ...healthy and strong, and able to endure ...w, we lay light burdens on his back; but, ...weak, and sickly, and the nerve of his ...strung, we seem to expect that at such ...he shall be best able to bear all our sor... all our lamentations; we behave as if it ...duty of the dying man to elevate us, not ...ther to support him. In the confined ...there stands no soul that has strength ...wake a passing smile upon that nerve...countenance; but only confessors, ...s, and physicians are there, giving in...about every thing; and friends and rela...can do nothing but lament. There is ...dual in this room that stands elevated ...own private cause of grief, upon a posi...which he might irrigate the thirsty soul ...man with the fresh spring-waters of old ...ences, and unite these with the flowings ...anticipation that sometimes open up to ...the vista of a future life. But the bed ...man is made literally a coffin without a ...is made to assume to the departing a ...portance, by weeping ties of recovery, or ...of lamenting; and the bier is made to ...a bloody scaffold; and into the ears ...ain alive after the eyes are dead, the ...words only of life are sent—whereas, life ...to breathe itself away, amid the fal... of ever deeper and ever sweeter tones. ...there is this one good thing about men— ...rejoice more in one small good office done ...ing, than in twenty kindnesses shewn to ...; perhaps partly for this reason, because ...latter case have they opportunity to see ...measure of their defective benevolence; ...mortals ought daily to bear in mind, ...every joy that is given or received may ...the last.

...fashion, our exit out of life would, for the ...prove even a more painful thing than ...into it, did not good Mother Nature here, ...other things, smooth the way before us, by ...her sleeping children in her arms, softly ...om the one world into the other. For, ...hours that immediately precede death, she ...to cover the dying with a mail of indif...toward every thing they leave behind them ...arth; and when the critical moment ap... (as the information of those who have ...akened from the semblance of death, and ...res and tones of many dying persons, suf...testify,) she causes a flood of joyous waves ...round the brain of the mortal, comparable ...g on earth but those feelings of deep de...which persons who have been magnetical...the themselves, while convalescing.* But ...spectacles of the dying we have only a frag... and imperfect knowledge; they may be ...than we have any conception of. There ...portant universal history yet to be written ...story of the dying; but upon this earth ...of that history will not be unfolded.

...village of Heim, lived Gottfried Hartmann, ...aged father, a clergyman, whose wane of ...rendered happy, though the old man had ...enough to survive all the common ob... tie our affections to their earthly exis... Gottfried was his assistant in the office of ...; this, however, not so much because ...old man stood in need of such aid, as that he ...find a channel to give vent to his own high ..., and, at the same time afford the old man ...peculiar joy which a wise father feels when ...ght by a wise son.

...tfried's breast a spirit was working and ...that seeks to unfold itself in poetic blos... But he was not like most poetic youths, ...plant, that sends forth a few poetic ...d, when these have fallen away, grows ...coarse material fruits beneath the ground; ...a tree that crowns its various blossoms ...various fruits; and the shoots of that tree ...animated by the warmth of those poeti... with which Providence has in these ...favored us.

His father was also a born poet—but the time ...been so favorable for him; for, in the mid... of the last century, every spirit that had wings ...obliged to remain and fix itself upon the pul..., upon the schoolmaster's chair, or upon the ...justice; for the Muses require to be tender...ed; and every honest burgess could af...d his son better upon every meadow and ...every common, than upon the jagged ridge ...Parnassus. But a truly poetic soul, when it ...manifest its existence in those forms to ...this world is accustomed to confine the name ..., goes back upon itself with double energy, ...the chamber of the heart with wonder...; the unexpressed feelings shape to them...another mould, and the actions of that man .... In this wise the poet is of equal du...with the man whose life he fashions. Thus, ...insect that has not brought forth its ...the summer season, lives through the long ...er, and dies not.

Something of this sort befel old Hartmann, but ...beautiful; for the virgin soul of the poet ...in the pulpit, as in a vestal cell; and ...twin sisters, Religion and Poetry, were the ...and helpmates of each other. How pure, ...lovely is his situation who cares for souls! Every thing good lies in friendly neighborhood around him, while other professions build a hard crust, or weave a dark veil between human hearts, and that which human hearts ought to reverence.

Son and father lived day by day, so to speak, deeper and more deep into one another's existence; and, instead of the relation of paternal love and filial duty, (with which a certain distance is often connected,) a friendship of a peculiar kind was developed; for not only with the regeneration of his own poetic youth did the presence of the son refresh him, but with the yet more lovely likeness of his own faith. There was a time known to us all, when an old clergyman who sent his son to study theology in the Universities, could expect him to come back nothing less than the Iconoclast and heaven-stormer of all that his paternal altar had taught him to hold in reverence. The son came from his studies as an apostle of the heathens, or rather an antichrist, into his father's house.* There were griefs of fathers in those days, deeper doubtless, though more concealed, than even those of the mother. Now it is here and there a little better. Gottfried, though he had gone to the public schools not uninfected by that common wanton spirit of free-thinking which is a sort of spiritual wild-oats of the soul, had come back to his home with the faith of his father, and his father's fathers, in his bosom; for the religious feelings of his nature had been kindly fanned by those better teachers who seek to preserve our spiritual vitality from the clearing, crystalising influence of those who call themselves the *illuminati*—well knowing that human hearts, like plants, should only shew their leaves to the sun, and that he who uncovers the root is a fool.

Thus did the fond old father find again his Christian heart, in the breast of his son, beating with new pulsations; and with this he also found the justification at once of his own faith, and of his own love. If it is one of the greatest of woes to be obliged both to love and to contradict, and to turn away the head when the heart comes near, it is also one of the greatest blessings to see our own and our father's faith propagated, untroubled, through another generation. Life, then, is as a beautiful starry night, when no well known light goes down without another equally welcome to supply its place.

Gottfried lived in a paradise; and his only business was to work as gardener for his father, and be to him wife, brother, friend, and all that one mortal can be to another.

Every Sunday brought him a new joy, and that was a new sermon to preach before his father. So much did this circumstance exert all his capabilities, and call forth his sleeping poetical powers, that he seemed to preach more for the purpose of moving and elevating his father's soul than for the edification of the common people; although he was not certainly in the wrong when he imagined that the members of a congregation, like children, are the better of being taught somewhat above their understanding; for we learn to climb only by looking at the heights that we have not yet climbed. Then a tear would glisten in the eye of the old man, or he would join his hands suddenly, as to an unpremeditated prayer. This would make the whole Sunday a Feast of Ascension to Gottfried; and, in the silent, secluded parsonage, many scenes of joy were thus enacted, which no person saw, and many, though they had seen, would not have understood. He who looks upon all sermons necessarily (what, it must be confessed, too many of them are) as a dull, stale thing, will scarcely sympathise with the earnestness with which father and son were wont to speak over both the sermon that was, and the sermon that was to be, as if the criticism of a sermon had been a matter of as much importance as the criticism of a play.† The love and the approbation of such a strong, healthy old man as Hartmann—whose limbs, though standing on the cold height of years, were not stiff—must have worked wonderfully on a youth like Gottfried, who, being both bodily and spiritually of a more delicate and slim fabric, shot up with a higher and more excitable flame heavenward.

To this happy pair a third happy person was associated. Justa, an orphan, mistress of her own fortune and her own conduct, had sold her father's (a rich old merchant) magnificent house in the city, and lodged herself in the upper flat of one of the prettiest cottages in the neighborhood, that she might enjoy the country—not half, as city gentry generally do, but wholly. Justa, indeed, was a person who, whatever she did, did it *wholly*; and some things she did more than wholly—that is to say, when there was any room for magnanimity and generosity, she was apt to overshoot the mark. The first thing that she did in the village of Heim, after she had seen the mild Gottfried and his gentle poet's eyes, and heard four or five Easter homilies from him, was to surrender up to him her virtue-intoxicated heart, without further ceremony; reserving, however, her hand till the bond of their union could be sealed along with the bond of public peace in Europe. Justa was a person who, on all occasions, preferred what was difficult to what was easy. I wish this were the place to make a picture of the May-life that bloomed here under Justa's hands, in the humble parsonage beneath the humble church spire; the mornings when she left her own abode to arrange the course of every happy day in the parsonage; the evenings in the manse garden, that had not only twelve beds in it, but also a number of well-watered meads around it, not to speak of the far hills and the stars; the playing of three hearts into one another, of which none, in such a pure, secluded neighborhood, could know or feel any thing but what was most beautiful, and every one of which possessed goodness and cheerfulness as a daily atmosphere. Every seat in that house was a church seat, everything was spiritual, and the heaven itself was to them only one great cupola of a temple.

Doubtless, in many such humble homes, in many such humble villages, which the great ones of the earth never heard of, there lies concealed a true Eden; for joy is always wont to cover over with modest leaves her most delicate blossoms. Gottfried lived in such a poetic fulness of joy and love—of the reverend and the beautiful—of the past, the present, and the future—that he felt secretly afraid to express his joy otherwise than by prayer. Only in prayer, thought he, may a man give expression to every thing—his happiness and his misery. Truly the father enjoyed a warm old age; not a winter evening, but a summer evening, without darkness and frost, although the sun of his life had long been sinking behind the hill of the grave beneath which he had, some years ago, laid his wife.

There is nothing which in noble minds has such a tendency to raise up the idea of the last hours of life, as those very hours of our existence which are most lovely and most happy. When all the blossoms of joy were blooming together most brightly, and intermingling their fragrances in a union of bliss that happens to mortal man but once, if once, through the long seventy years of his pilgrimage—exactly in the dewy morning of life, and beneath the morning star—Gottfried was compelled to think that the same star must soon shine as the evening star. Then he said to himself—"Every thing now stands so clear and so firm before me—the beauty and the blessedness of life—the splendor of the universe—the Creator—the worth and the greatness of the heart—the constellations of eternal truths—the whole starry heaven of ideas that bears on men, and attracts them, and sustains them. But when old age shall overtake me, and I shall be in the feebleness of dissolution, will not, then, all things appear in a different light?—will not that which is now so full of luxuriant vitality, become cold, and grey, and stiff to my perception? For precisely in that moment when man is nearest to the heavens, toward which he has all his life been looking, Death holds his inverted telescope before our eyes, and we see nothing but a wide blank. But is this right and true? Do my blooming or my fading energies lay hold of reality more strongly and more truly? Shall I be more in the right then, when I only live, and think, and hope, and have a life; or am I more in the right now, when my whole heart is warm, my whole head clear, and all my faculties fresh? I feel that I am a more just reasoner now when my soul and body are in perfect health. Therefore I will live through this glorious day-time of truth, not carelessly, but with attention; and what I now see of the glory of existence, I will carry with me as a bright reminiscence, to illumine the dark lowering of my latter end." In the loveliest May-hours of life, when Heaven, and earth, and his breast beat together in a perfect concord of joy, Gottfried gave his fiery feelings fiery words, and a permanent existence, under this title, "*Reminiscences of the Best Hours of Life, for the Last.*" With these echoes of blessed hours, it was his intention to refresh his own ears on his death-bed, and to look from the evening red of existence back into the redness of morning.

Thus lived these three mortals, enjoying one another, and one another's happiness, always more and more inly, when, at length, the battle and the victor-cars of the Holy War* began to roll over the earth. At this signal, Gottfried became all at once, a changed man. He was like a young bird of passage migrating for the first time, and following the train of his fellows in search of some change of climate, which he instinctively seeks after, but does not know. The active powers of his nature, that had hitherto sat as listeners to the poetico-rhetorical, rose up, and he felt as if the flames of enthusiasm—formerly, like the flames from a bed of naptha, flickering aimless through the empty air—were now seeking some definite object to lay hold of. But he had not courage, at first, to declare his intention to his father; he only anguished and refreshed alternately his spirit, with the idea of going forth with the army of patriots, and doing the duty of a man. To Justa, however, he opened his heart, but from her he obtained no approval; for to leave the old man upon the brink of the grave in solitude, seemed too harsh. But the old man himself, who felt the enthusiasm of the war almost as much as his son, of his own accord gave him permission. "Go, my Gottfried," said he, "where you have long wished to be, and where Germany expects all her sons to go. For a year I have strength enough to serve the altar, and thus I too am doing something for Fatherland."

Gottfried flew away in full reliance on the healthy old harvest of his father's life. He became a common soldier, and acted as chaplain too, when occasion served. A new career renews all our activities, and every one marks his entrance into it with a surer step. This Gottfried felt; and, though fate refused him the wound that he would fain have brought with him from the wars as a sort of focus, wherein to collect all the warm rays of those days of enthusiasm, yet he too had fought in the great battles of the time, and like an old republican, he knew the joy of striking nobly with a whole people for a common end.

When at length the loveliest May that ever Germany won with victories, was celebrated with feasts of peace and triumph, the young man did not feel inclined to celebrate these days of joy at a distance from those most dear to him, but he wished to double his joy by their presence. He journeyed to them. Many there were, before and after him, who made this journey through liberated lands out of a happy past into a happy present; but few saw, like Gottfried, such a blue heaven rest upon his native vales, in which also no old star was wanting, but every one shone brightly. Justa had sent him, from time to time, the small news of the parsonage, how she longed for his return, and how his father was working cheerily, and with what unction the old man preached twice every Sunday, and so forth; and how she herself was keeping yet more lovely secrets for his return; one of which secrets, perhaps, was one that he certainly had not forgotten—viz. her promise, that, after the peace, he should have her hand.

From the feast of Whitsuntide onward, Gottfried had been feasting himself with these prospects, and he saw already before him the holy evening, when he should enter Heim, release the old man unexpectedly from his labors, and prepare days of peaceful festivity for himself.

As he thus painted to himself his meeting with his loved one, and the mountains of his native village stood clearly and more clearly outlined, his "Reminiscences of the Best Hours of Life, for the Last," began again to echo through his soul; and he could not restrain himself, among these reminiscences, from noting down the meeting of dear friends in this life, after long separation.

Behind him journeyed from the east, and followed him in his way, a dark cloud, with water more pregnant than with fire. The thunders of earth in the late campaign, had reconciled his heart to the milder manifestations of heavenly wrath, and he seemed to walk before that cloud, as a well-omened messenger; for the thirsty earth, the drooping flowers, and the sickly yellowness of the corn, had long panted for the warm blessings of the clouds. A parishioner from Heim, who was ploughing in a distant field, gave a sign to Gottfried, joyful that he and the rain were coming together.

The little spire of the church now began, as it were, to grow out of the earth, and he came into the region of the valley, where the parsonage lay, on which the redness of the evening sun was clearly shining. In every window he hoped to see his bride watching the sun's going down in glory, before the outbursting of the storm. As he came nearer, he hoped to find every window open, with Whitsuntide birches peeping out from the room—but he found nothing.

At length he arrived at the parsonage—all was silent—and he opened the familiar door. The room was empty, but he heard a noise in the upper chamber. He ascended, and when he opened the door, he saw Justa kneeling at the bed of his father, who was sitting half upright, with an emaciated but strong, bony face, in the light of the evening sun, that strongly lit up the paleness of death that was on him. Justa fell upon his neck, and this, with an exclamation of thankfulness to God, was the whole reception. But his father stretched out to him his dry, yellow hand, and said, with exhaustion—"You come just at the proper time"—leaving it undetermined, to Gottfried's understanding, whether he meant in time to preach for him, or in time to see him die.

Justa told Gottfried, in a few words, how the old man, worn out with too sedulous an attention to his pastoral duties, had suddenly sunk into a state of extreme weakness both of mind and body; how he had now ceased to take interest in any thing, and yet was continually longing for sympathy, and was altogether as a helpless child, lying with clipped wings, on the ground, and praying some one to help him. The old man was somewhat deaf, and Justa could tell all this without being heard.

Gottfried soon learned that all this was too true. He had come back with the reflection of the war-fire in his breast, and nothing would have been dearer to him than to have been able to bring the blazing signals of victory before the enthusiastic gaze of his old father; but the heart, once so strong, was now weak; and from the man who lately sympathised with all the warmth of the young warrior, not a question came, not a wish. The old man kept his eye fixed on the descending sun, till the storm had completely overflooded it. He seemed as little moved by the war in heaven, as by the war on earth; and through the thickening ice of death, the light of life shone more and more turbid. The dying man knows no present—past and future alone are before him.

Latterly, darkness covered the sky; not a breath of air moved, and the oppressed earth waited impatiently for the issue. The lightning had shot round the old man, and he looked up from the shock, changed and surprised—"I hear," said he, "the rain again—speak to me, children, for I must soon be gone."

Perhaps the shaking of the air and the thunder had opened the oppressed avenues of sensibility; and yet, more probably, the lightning, passing near him, had turned round his whole being like the poles of a magnet and brought his body nearer to dissolution and his spirit nearer to perfection. Both the children embraced him—he was too weak to embrace them.

The warm medicinal waters of the clouds, were now bathing the sick earth, from the streaming tree to the smallest grass; the heavens began to shine through the storm, like a tear of joy, and only on the far hills did the thunder continue to war. Suddenly the old man rose, and, with his hand pointing upward, said—"Behold the glory of God! Ah! my son, feed my weary soul now, for the last time, with some spiritual consolation. But give me no litany of penances; I have made my peace with God. Tell me something full of love of the Almighty and his works, as in your Easter sermons."

The tears began to flow in the eyes of the son; for these words brought the thought into his mind, that the "Reminiscences" which he had written down for his own death-bed, might be read at the death-bed of his father. He explained this to the old man; and he said—"Do this, my son;" and the son began, with trembling voice—

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: that the splendor of the universe once filled thy bosom, and that thou hast known how great a thing it is TO BE. Hast thou not looked by night upon the one-half of infinity—the starry heaven; and by day hast thou not contemplated the other half? Put out of thy view the nothingness of space, and the earth that blinds thy prospect, and thou art surrounded, as a centre, by worlds above thee, under thee, and around thee—a vault of unmeasured creation—all moving and being moved—glory in glory—grandeur thronging on grandeur—all suns poising themselves around thee, toward one universal sun. Turn thee where thou wilt, thou seest no end, no exit into empty and dark space. Emptiness dwells only between the worlds, not around the world.

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: how many times there have been that thou hast prayed in ecstacy before God, and hast thought HIM—the greatest thought of a finite being—the Infinite."

The old man folded his hands and prayed silently.

"Hast thou not acknowledged and felt the Being, whose infinitude consists not only in might, and wisdom, and eternity, but in love also and justice? Canst thou forget the times when the blue heaven by day, and the blue heaven by night, opened themselves to thee as the blue eyes with which a kind father looked down upon thee? Hast thou not felt the love of the Infinite One, when it concealed itself within its own reflection—in human hearts that loved? as the sun casts her shining day, not only on our moon for the benefit of our nights, but on the farthest starlets that wander in the neighborhood of the earth.

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: how, in the spring of thy life, the graves of the dead appeared to thee only as the mountain-peaks of a distant new world; and how thou then, in the midst of the fulness of life, could recognise the value of death. Old age freezes us; but there is a vital heat within the snow-hill, that warms us into a new existence. As a sailor voyaging through a cold, desert, wintry sea, suddenly comes upon a coast that is blooming in all the warmth and fulness of spring, thus also we land, by a single impulse of our ship, upon an eternal spring, which makes ample amends for our wintry voyage.

"Rejoice thyself in the dark hour of death, that thy life lives in the great wide life of the universe. This clod of earth, which we call our Earth, is inspired with the breath of Divinity. The world swarms with life, and every leaf of every tree is a land of souls. Every little individual life would freeze into nothing, where it not supported and warmed by waves of circumambient vitality. The sea of time, like our seas of space, is phosphorescent with innumerable living beings; and death and life are only the fire-valleys and fire-mountains of the eternal billowy ocean of things that are. There is no such thing as a skeleton of the dead: what we call so is only another body for the living. Without universal vitality, there were nothing but a wide, infinite death. We are mosses and lichens that cleave to the high Alps of Nature, and suck nourishment from the clouds. Man is a butterfly that flutters over Chimborazo, and high above us flutters the condor; but, small or great, giant or child, we all wander free, through all the storms and battles of centuries, back to Paradise, where its ancestors sported in the sunbeams of the evening sun that shone upon the four rivers. Never forget the thought that now spreads itself out so clearly before thee—that the I* of the soul endures through the most distracting griefs, and the most glowing ecstacies of mind, while the body breaks down by corporal suffering and excitement. Souls are like the wandering lights of a dark, starry night, that move about unextinguished by the buffeting of the wind or by the drenching of the rain.

"Canst thou forget, in the dark hour of death, that great men have been in the world, and that thou followest where they have gone before? Lift thyself up to the element of those pure spirits that stood upon their own mountains, and felt the storms of life around them, but never above them. Call back to thy recollection the succession of sages and poets who have animated people after people, and spread a light upon dark places."

"Speak of our Saviour," said the father.

"Think upon Jesus Christ in the dark hour of death; for he, too, felt the darkness of that hour. Think upon Jesus Christ, that mild Moon of the infinite Sun for human nights. Let life and death be holy to thee; for Jesus shared them both in his humanity. May He look down upon thee, gentle through dignity; and, amid the darkness of the last hour, shew to thee his Father!"

A soft thunder rolled over the light, loose clouds of the dispersing tempest, and the evening sun broke through, and filled the clouds with a more beautiful fire.

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: how the heart of man can love. Canst thou forget the love wherewith one heart can compensate the hearts of millions, and one soul can through a whole life nourish itself on another; as the oak of a hundred years keeps hold of the same rock with its roots, and out of its hidden waters sucks up the new energies and the new blossoms of a hundred springs."

"Meanest thou me also?" said the father.

"Thou and my mother also," said the son.

Justa wept; for she felt that her beloved had treasured up the hours of her love for the thoughts of his death-bed rejoicing; and the father said softly, thinking on his wife—"To meet again, to meet again!"

"Then think upon this," continued he, "in thy last hours: how many hours of undying enjoyment thou canst number; how many immortal days when life was beautiful and great; when thou didst weep blessed tears in spring-time; when thou liftedst up thy soul in prayer, and God appeared unto thee; when thou didst find the first and the last hand of love in one:—think upon this, and shut thine eyes in peace."

Suddenly, the collected mass of storm split into two high black mountains, and the deep sun shone forth between them as out of a valley between two steep walls of rock, and looked upon the earth again with a loving, motherly eye,† glittering with joy.

"What lightnings!" said the old man.

"It is the evening sun, my father."

"Yes, I will see her again, and this very day!" continued the dying man; but he meant his dear wife, who had been long asleep.

The son was now so moved that he was no longer able to read to his father the blessedness of meeting again upon earth, which he had this morning felt and written, and to describe how the first sight of the beloved object loses itself in an undefined futurity, while the sight of the same object, after long absence, binds the blossoms of the future and the fruits of the past into one nosegay. How could Gottfried have undertaken to paint the happiness of an earthly meeting to one who already began to catch the far rays of the heavenly one?

Gottfried asked—"How art thou father?"

"I think upon this in the last hour—yes, on this and on that; and death, also is beautiful, and our falling asleep in Christ," murmured the old man to himself, and took hold of Gottfried's hand, but without squeezing it; for it was only the common flake-gathering of the dying. Yet still he imagined that he heard his son speaking; and said, always more transfigured and more entranced—"O thou, my all-good Creator!"

The accessory suns of life were now all extinguished, and only the great Sun itself stood in his soul—God!

Suddenly he lifted himself up, and stretched out his arms, and said—"There stand the three beautiful rainbows over the evening sun. I must follow the sun, and where it goes, I must go also."

With this, he sank back, and all was over. At this moment, the evening sun set; and, as it set, its glory was reflected in a wide rainbow in the east.

"He has left us," said Gottfried, with a choked voice. "He has gone over to his God, amid great and pure joys—weep not for him, Justa."

But, as he said this, the long-restrained tears burst out from his eyes, and he pressed the hands of the dead man to his hot eyelids. The sky darkened; and a warm rain dropped softly upon the ground. Gottfried and Justa left the chamber of the dead, and went quietly after the sun of their life, that out of the stormy clouds of life had now withdrawn itself with cheering splendor into the glory of a new day.

* In Germany, animal magnetism is so essentially a part of philosophy and practical faith, that the best writers continually allude to its phenomena, as illustrative of the greatest mysteries of mind.

* This is a touching allusion to the consequence of the Neological or Deistical doctrines so prevalent in the German Church during the latter half of the last century. From the passage which immediately follows, it appears that the present piece must have been written about the year 1816, for it was about that time that the reaction in favor of revealed religion commenced. The Liberation War mentioned in the sequel, had a great effect in this revival of devotional feeling.

† This is true German. In Scotland, where churches are better attended than theatres, this sarcastic remark would never have been made.

* The Liberation War in 1813.

* The Ich or Ego, a common expression in German authors for what we commonly call the mind, as distinguished from matter. It is a pregnant phrase; and includes in one single letter the whole philosophy of consciousness, and the whole refutation of materialism. Metaphysical language is part of the current coin of German literature, and we see it with pleasure. Style marks the mind of a nation as of a man.

† In German, the sun is feminine. An English writer would scarcely speak of the sun's motherly eye.

A BORROWED FACE.—An officer of a disbanded regiment applying to the Paymaster of the Forces for his arrears, the Treasurer seeing him of jovial and ruddy aspect, told him that his countenance belied his complaint. "For heaven's sake, my Lord," said the officer, "do not not mistake—the visage that you see is not mine but my landlady's, she has fed me upon credit above twelve months."

THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE;

OR, THE PACHA PERPLEXED.

The thunders of Achmet Pacha's artillery ceased to shake the towers of Temeswar, which the rebel Suli Bey had long held out against the Porte. The fortune of the day had been decided by the fall of a part of the fortifications; and the young and fiery general of the Sultan's troops, bearing down all opposition, made himself master of the fortress, and pursued Suli Bey into his harem, whither in despair he had taken refuge.

The helpless and affrighted females crowded round their master with loud cries for protection, when they saw the hitherto inviolate portals of their apartments burst open by the fierce Achmet. The wretched Suli Bey, prostrating himself on the ground, buried his face in his garments and awaited his fate in silence.

Achmet, whose first intention had been to plant his foot on his body and strike off his head, felt his arm arrested, in spite of himself, by the glance of a dark-eyed slave. The silent language in which the emotions of the soul are conveyed, is understood by all, and Achmet read in the eyes of Camilla such horror and detestation of the deed he was about to perform, that although he would not own to himself that her opinion was of the slightest importance, he suffered that look to change his purpose; and, instead of becoming himself the executioner of Suli Bey, he beckoned his mutes to perform his will upon him.

The awful silence that followed this transaction was succeeded by the frantic outcries of the ladies of the harem, who, full of terror for their own safety, hastened to implore the mercy of their new lord. Achmet condescended to return his scymitar to its sheath, and assure them of their security. No sooner did they perceive his gracious demeanor than they began to address him with the most high flown terms of flattery, and each strove by every possible wile to attract his attention.

Achmet could not help being struck by the contrast Camilla presented, who stood proudly aloof with two of her countrywomen. The haughty conqueror felt mortified that the fair Castilian did not join in the homage paid him by the other ladies, whom, by the superior richness of their dresses, he perceived had been considered as her superiors, in the estimation of Suli Bey.

"Slave," said he, approaching her, "wherefore is it that you have not joined with your companions in paying your duty to me?"

"Because I owe you none," answered Camilla.

"Dare you thus reply to the conqueror of Temeswar? Do you not know that your very existence is in my hands?"

"I am aware of it," replied Camilla, raising a pair of radiant dark eyes to his face.

"Then why do you not fall at my feet and ask your life?"

"It is not worth the trouble."

"You are a daughter of Frangistan, as I perceive by your rebellious spirit?"

"I am."

"And a Christian?"

Camilla made the sign of the cross. Achmet spit on the ground.

"It must be confessed," said Camilla, reddening indignantly, "that you Turks are the most disgusting people under the sun."

"Slave!" cried Achmet, "if your anger did not become you so well, I would command my black eunuch Puffin to chastise you for your insolence."

"And even if you were to commit such an outrage, I could hardly think worse of you than I do at present," returned Camilla, bursting into tears.

"What is it that you think of me?" asked the Pacha.

"That you are an unmanly ruffian, whom I hate, but do not fear!" replied the fair Castilian, her fine eyes flashing through her tears as she spoke.

Achmet knew not how to answer the beautiful vixen. To conceal his perplexity he turned to Antonia and Beatrice Manzares, her fellow captives.

"And ye, whom I perceive to be the countrywomen of this contumacious slave, are ye of a like spirit?"

They looked in great embarrassment from the Pacha to Camilla, and remained silent.

"How," exclaimed Achmet, angrily, "when I speak to the meanest of my slaves, am I not deemed worthy of a reply?"

"My cousins do not understand the odious jargon in which you address them, and are therefore unable to appreciate your courteous and obliging speeches," replied Camilla, drily.

"How comes it, then, that you not only comprehend every word that I say, but are so ready with your provoking replies?"

"Because I have labored indefatigably to attain fluency in the Turkish language while in captivity."

"And what, my princess, might be your motive for taking so much trouble?"

"Merely that I might have the satisfaction of speaking my mind on occasion," replied Camilla, with the sauciest glance imaginable.

"It must be owned that you have enjoyed that pleasure very fully to-night," said the Pacha, laughing. "But did you ever reply to Suli Bey in this daring manner?"

"He never gave me an opportunity, by pestering me with his conversation and company."

"How then did he comport himself?"

"Positively I am weary of your eternal questions, and will answer you no more to-night."

"Am not I your master, wayward thing? Can I not force you to do any thing I choose?"

"No, you cannot make me talk unless it pleases me. My head aches with the uproar you have made in battering the Dervent about our ears, and I am fatigued with your conversation. I wish you would leave me and attend to those ladies who are taking such pains to attract your notice."

"Oh, Prophet! is it come to this? Is the conqueror of the warlike Suli Bey dictated to by one of his slaves?"

"More extraordinary things than that happen every day, mighty Pacha," replied Camilla, with the utmost composure.

"Do not think, perverse one, that your charms are to excuse your impertinence. Most of these fair Carcassians are more beautiful than yourself, yet they extol me above all the heroes of the east, and rejoice in the good fortune that has transferred them from Suli Bey to Achmet."

"And did you believe one word they said?"

"Why should I not?" demanded Achmet, much mortified.

"Do you think that the ladies of your own harem could be sincere in praising and caressing a man who had murdered you an hour before?" said Camilla.

"Mighty Prophet! no; but is there no difference between Suli Bey and Achmet?"

"Yes—a very great difference: Suli Bey was a much handsomer man," said Camilla, with a provoking smile.

"This is past bearing!" exclaimed Achmet, stamping, "I will teach you that you have a master!" So saying, he withdrew, darting at her an angry glance.

"Ah, imprudent Camilla! what have you been saying to put that terrible Turkey man in such a fury?" cried Antonia, in great alarm.—"Though I could not understand a word of your conversation, I knew by the sparkling of your eyes that you were exasperating him, and trembled lest you should go to far. How could you venture to coquet with Achmet after the fate of Suli Bey? (who was, by the bye, just such another tiger as himself.) For my part I felt as if I were being strangled, all the time Achmet stood so near us."

"I expect nothing less than that he will cause you to be sewn up in a sack, and thrown into the river," cried Beatrice, weeping.

"Never fear, my gentle coz, this bloody-minded Pacha will do us no harm, though I doubt not he will attempt to frighten me into submission."

"Dearest Camilla, I tremble for you. Oh what a sad, sad day it was, that threw us into the hands of that villainous corsair."

"Who sold us to Suli Bey, with as little remorse as if we had been three pullets," answered Camilla. "Come," continued she, "cheer you, dear Beatrice. I will venture to pledge my word that through my means you will be restored to your native country and to Henriquez, and Antonia to Diego."

"Fine things to be effected by a damsel in your predicament!" sobbed Beatrice, weeping, and hanging about Camilla, as Puffin approached to separate her from them.

"Courage! sweet cousins, fear not for me—I have no fears for myself," said she, embracing them: "and now, my good old soul! whither are you going to take me?" continued she as Puffin proceeded to lead her from the apartment.

Puffin rolled his eyes till only the whites were visible, as he replied, "Where I would not go for all the pearls in Lalla Oella's necklace. But if you offend my lord, it is meet you take the consequence."

Camilla, who expected something truly dreadful from this prelude, was not so much shocked as Puffin expected, on being conducted into a gloomy vaulted chamber, lighted by a small grating near the roof, and containing no other furniture than a wretched sofa. Puffin pointed to a pitcher of water and a platter of rice, which were placed in a corner, and withdrew.

During Camilla's imprisonment it was in vain that Achmet sought the society of the ladies of his harem. The spirited and charming Castilian had made an impression on his heart and fancy that he never before experienced; restless and discontented, he could know no happiness but in the presence of her who had captivated him. At the end of the third day he could not forbear visiting her. As he approached her cell, he heard her singing, in a voice of touching melody, one of the exquisite airs of her native land. The lovely captive raised her eyes as Achmet entered, and her cheek flushed with a brighter vermillion as he approached her.

"Suli Bey was a man of liberal temper compared to you," said she pointing to the pitcher and rice.

Achmet's brow darkened—"Always Suli Bey!" cried he angrily; "I could find it in my heart to send you to follow that accursed dead dog."

"Nay, mighty Pacha, that is a little farther than your power extends. You may follow him yourself, peradventure; but I, as a good Christian, hope to go to a very different place from that which I trust is prepared for such wretched misbelievers as Suli Bey and you."

"I see your intemperance of speech is no wise tamed," said the Pacha; "nevertheless I will forgive all your perverseness, if you will sing me that sweet song once more."

"The prisoned bird doth oft-times sing, it is true, but never at the bidding of its jailer," replied Camilla, looking up between smiles and tears.

The Pacha felt the magic of her smile, and the power of her tears; but he knew not how to dismiss the tone of mastership when speaking to a woman.

"Come, my Peri," he said, "it is my pleasure that you follow me to the banquet—nay, it is useless offering resistance to my will."

He then, with a sort of gentle violence, drew her from the darksome cell, into an apartment richly carpeted, glittering with eastern magnificence, and fragrant with burning spices, flowers and essences.

"Come, my princess, let us eat, drink, and be merry," said the Pacha, placing her beside him on an embroidered sofa opposite to the banquet.

"I shall neither eat nor drink, for it is the vigil of St. Peter; nor am I disposed to sing or be merry," returned Camilla.

"Do you forget that I can force you to do as I command you!" returned Achmet, frowning.

"No; you can neither force me to sing nor to be merry; but I will tell you what you can do—you can order your Aga and black slaves to put a bowstring about my neck and strangle me as they did poor Suli Bey."

"Suli Bey again!" exclaimed the Pacha, furiously—"answer me one question—did you love that wretched rebel?"

"No, I did not."

"Why then do you torment me with his name?"

"Because he is frequently in my thoughts."

"The other ladies of the harem have forgotten him and I have succeeded to their love."

"Love, call you it?" exclaimed Camilla "slaves that they are in mind, as in person,—they know not the meaning of the word!"

"Perhaps I am as ignorant of your sort of love as you seem to consider my women," replied Achmet, thoughtfully.

"Oh! I doubt it not, I never even heard of a Turk who had the least idea of what love meant."

"You shall tell me, then, fair creature, what it signifies, according to your ideas."

"It is," said Camilla, raising her bewitching eyes to his, "an interest so absorbing, that a lover will always prefer the happiness of his beloved to his own. All passions are swallowed up in this one engrossing emotion. He exists but for the happiness of loving, and would prefer dying with her, to living without her."

"Certainly I have never been loved after this fashion," said the Pacha, after a long pause; "yet nothing less will content me now. And you, Camilla,—have you a lover in your own country?"

"Oh, many."

"One that you love thus?"

"No, I have not."

"I fear you are deceiving me."

"Holy Virgin! what a man is this that will not be satisfied with sincerity and plain dealing?"

"Nay, Camilla, if you loved me"—

"My good Pacha, you must not flatter yourself into such a supposition. What title have you to my love?"

"I will strive to deserve it. I will restore your cousins to their liberty."

"For which I shall feel most grateful. But it is not one compliance, or two, or even twenty that will entitle a man to my love."

"Oh, that you would teach me how to obtain it!" said Achmet, passionately.

"Come, I will encourage you a little; you are behaving pretty well, at present. Yesterday I detested your very name—to-day you are almost endurable; and if you wish to leave an agreeable impression, you will permit me to retire."

"No, I cannot part with you, beautiful Camilla; you shall stay and enchant me with your presence."

"I shall do no such thing. If you force me to remain with you against my will, I shall say very disobliging things, and then we shall quarrel."

"Go, then, my Peri! but in your dreams to-night, remember your adoring Achmet."

"I hope, if I dream at all, to be favored with a sweet vision of my native land, and return in slumber to the fair hills of Castile."

"Is your country, then, so dear to you?" asked Achmet, mournfully.

"My country," said Camilla, her lovely eyes suffusing with tears, as the thought of home passed over her mind—"and shall I never behold your orange-groves again, nor hear the rush of your mighty streams, but die like a transplanted flower in a foreign soil!"

Such scenes as these were of daily recurrence during the time that preparations were making for the departure of Beatrice and Antonia; sometimes they did not end so placably.

"It is I that am the slave," would Achmet say, when the fair Spaniard made him feel, too severely, the chains that bound him—"the slave of your caprices Camilla. Would that I had never seen you!"

"Surely, Achmet, that was my misfortune, since I had not the slightest wish to become the victim of the lawless traffic in women that prevails in this disgusting country."

"By Mahomet, you never open your lips but with the design of saying something vexatious. Till I saw you, I was happy; but you have made me the most miserable of men! I am wretched when absent from you; and when I am near you, your whole study is to torment me."

At other times Achmet would sit in Camilla's apartment, listening to her guitar—his whole soul entranced in the pleasure of hearing and seeing her. One day, when he was thus occupied, Beatrice and Antonia entered, to bid farewell, as all things were ready for their departure.

When they offered their thanks to Achmet, he said—"Your gratitude is due to Camilla, who, when she might have used her boundless influence over me to obtain her own liberty, preferred making you happy."

"Been so my love for them prevailed over every selfish consideration," said Camilla, with a significant glance.

"Ah, Camilla, I understand your allusion. Go; you are free. Return to Spain—that beloved country which you prefer to Achmet."

His voice faltered as he spoke—Camilla looked up—their eyes met—they both burst into tears.

"Ah," exclaimed Beatrice, "you love one another; wherefore, then, should you part?"

The Pacha threw himself at Camilla's feet.

"Light of my eye! will you leave me?"

"Achmet, I cannot share a divided heart."

"I swear to you, by Allah, that my harem shall be dismissed, and you shall be my only wife."

"Ah, Achmet, there is another thought," said Camilla, weeping; "you are a follower of the False Prophet, and I am a believer in the only faith whereby we may have eternal life."

"Camilla, you speak dark things, and hard to be understood; but only promise to be mine, and if convinced, I will not cling to error."

It may easily be imagined, that Beatrice and Antonia departed for Spain without Camilla, who became Achmet Pacha's bride; and who ere long had the happiness of informing her cousins, by letter, that he had become a secret but decided proselyte to Christianity. A. S.

When a Christian is called upon to perform any act, it becomes his duty to consider its justice; and when satisfied that it is just, to do it without regarding the consequences, leaving these in the hands of Him to whom they belong, and who alone can control them.

THE NECROMANCER.

"Ho! Sorcerer! Magician! Come forth."—These outcries proceeded from a party of young men, just returned from witnessing the funeral of Charles VII. at St. Denis, and who were knocking violently at a door, on the top of a dark and winding staircase, in the rue St. Pierre.—They were replied to by a feeble and broken voice; but they heard it not, so vociferously did they call.

"What!—Necromancer!" At last the door was slowly opened by the object of their search.

"What seek ye, my children?"

"We would know the future; and thou canst dive into each man's destiny, thou high priest of the Evil One—king of sorcerers! Come, and tell us quickly; and see that the intelligence be to our liking: for it needs done of thy skill to know that our rapiers have sharp points," repeated Mandé Thebergan, the eldest of the party, as he directed an enquiring, though fearful, glance into the old man's mysterious dwelling. It was only lighted by a small lamp, the glimmering flame of which scarcely enabled him to distinguish, on one corner of it, a human skeleton; in another, a heap of dusty books; on the floor, spheres and astrolabes; and, fixed to the ceiling, between two beams, an immense white stuffed owl, whose large white eyes glared with peculiar brilliancy, although reflected by the feeble light of the lamp. All this produced a fearful effect upon the susceptible mind of Mandé, already predisposed to the supernatural, and a positive belief in the old man's power. He was unable to withdraw his gaze from those two large round eyes which were glittering in the shade, and stood wrapt in the deepest thought, when he was at length aroused by the loud and boisterous laugh of his companions, who were taunting the old man for his want of skill.

When Mandé's turn came, he hesitated; till, jeered by his comrades, he at length held out his hand; but it was observed that his manner was grave, and his air thoughtful.

"Mandé," exclaimed the old man, and he had not told his name, "Mandé," he murmured between his teeth; and he whispered some words in his ear inaudible to the others of his party.

"What has he said to you?" eagerly enquired his companions; but Mandé was silent, and quitted the place, pale as death.

The next morning Mandé's first thought was of the necromancer; all night long he had beheld him in his dreams. The low voice of the magician still murmured in his ear; and when he awoke from his troubled sleep, the last word still vibrated at his heart. "Am I then reserved for that? and must I then ——," he inwardly exclaimed; and his noble heart revolted at his own conjurings. "And who told me this? A wretch who luxuriates upon the credulity of mankind—who attacks my purse through the medium of my fears. I am a fool to think of it."

He arose, and went out, but nothing could divert him; even in the streets he seemed to see but the sorcerer, and to hear but his fatal words. Timid by nature, and weakened by the excesses of his life, the effects of the sorcerer's prediction, acting upon an enfeebled mind, acquired an all-powerful intensity. After wandering through the city till past the hour of noon, striving to escape from the horrible idea that pursued him, he sought some of his companions of the previous evening, but society he found was a burden to him; he therefore quitted them to wander alone in the fields. The sun was bright, but to him the heavens appeared clouded; a balmy and refreshing breeze played around him, but he felt not its soothing power—his heart was chilled. One dark, freezing, dreadful idea haunted his imagination. As he was retracing his steps to his lodgings, in that despairing mood that takes possession of the mind where nature has no longer any charms for us, and was on the point of passing La Grève—he suddenly stopped short; for he beheld a newly-erected scaffold.—With a convulsive shudder he turned aside; it reminded him of the words of the sorcerer!

He could no longer sleep in La Rue Chever Saint Lauday, which was opposite to La Grève; he, therefore, quitted the capital, and took up his residence in a habitation situated between Paris and Montmartre. There he saw but little, and heard but little; it seemed to him like the silence of the desert at the very gates of a populous city; and there he hoped that his troubled imagination might have recovered its tone and tranquility, and the dreadful words of the necromancer might be gradually weakened from their mysterious power they had acquired over him—but, alas! they had found a ready echo within his breast always ready to repeat them.

The house was inhabited by an old couple and their daughter, the idolised child of their old age: she was truly beautiful. She had one of those Madonna heads that an ideal style of beauty, such as genius in its happiest moments of inspiration conceives—black hair platted across her forehead—lustrous dark eyes, and a complexion pale and transparent as the finest alabaster. Such was this young maiden, who, with her parents, lived like Mandé, in a state of utter seclusion from the world. No one ever knew their names—once he heard the old father address his daughter by the name of Nicole. Nicole became for him a beloved name, that at times could make him forget his cherished sorrow. Love dawned in his bosom, and every sombre idea was eclipsed by its dazzling rays. Nicole, the beautiful Nicole—she haunted him in his dreams, in his meditations, even in his prayers, and if he could only catch a glimpse of her as she crossed like a spirit before him, it was for him a day of happiness. He then thought himself delivered, and oh! how dearly he loved the object who had dissipated the horrid phantoms and gloomy terrors of his imagination; often did he steal toward her and bless her in the soft language of love.

On Sunday morning he met her in the church of the Abbey of Montmartre; she was on her knees and praying so fervently, that he felt she must possess a confiding—a loving heart; and when she raised her head and met his earnest gaze, her pale cheek was slightly tinged with a blush, and in that timid look there was so much piety and tenderness, that he said to himself, "surely that is love!" Nor was he mistaken, she did indeed love Mandé—she had loved him long and in secret, and she revealed it in her glance. He passed that night revelling on the delicious belief, that he was not alone in the world, that he was beloved; and in the joy of the moment it seemed to him, that he had only to ask her in marriage of her parents, and obtain her. He therefore resolved to take this step in the morning; he could dread no refusal; and he pictured to himself the paradise of home—of the joys of love—of felicity! "If happiness is to be found in this world," he mentally exclaimed, "surely this is happiness." But suddenly these golden reveries were dissipated by the recollection of the fatal words of the sorcerer! They came like a damp upon his heart, and froze his very blood. "Happiness!" he sighed forth, "happiness! did I say?" he bitterly exclaimed! "No, no, not for me, not for the doomed! never shall I taste of happiness." His bright hopes deserted him, and he relapsed into his former gloomy imaginings, which the enchantment of two months' love had partially banished from his mind. The dreadful words of the necromancer appeared to him more inevitable than ever—his wife then would press to her bosom one cursed by heaven—one already branded by fate, and doomed to ——his very soul shrank within him as the word rushed with tenfold force upon his recollection, and he raved in his anguish, and denounced the Almighty, which he fancied had cast him to irrevocable doom.

That very morning he disappeared; evening came, but he returned not; day after day passed, and month after month, but Mandé came not again. Nicole tenderly loved him—for she wept bitterly, and vowed she would never marry.

The neighbors on his disappearance, recollecting his dejected air and moody habits, supposed that he had made away with himself;—Nicole trembled at the very idea—a suicide! one whom she had loved so dearly—she could not believe it; and yet, could she have known the truth, she would have found that the fear of an hereafter had alone withheld the poniard from his bosom—devotion had that once saved him from despair.

It was on the first of May, 1825, that Mandé once more entered Paris;—he had been absent five years. The thought of Nicole still haunted him, and he longed to see her bright angelic face once more, for he had returned, from over the sea, to worship at the shrine of his first love. He had retained his residence near Montmartre, and trembling, he directed his steps thither,—he was obliged to traverse the quarter of the Holles to reach it—and, made a detour to avoid the Place de Grève, so hateful to him. He was just entering La Rue de Garnelles, when the sound of music attracted his attention, and he perceived a crowd of people approaching. He made some inquiries of a bystander, who told him that it was a marriage, the nuptials of the son of Henry Cousin, the executioner of Paris and of the daughter of Merry Capiluche the retired executioner of the city of Rouen.—"A splendid and well-assorted match, truly, Sir stranger," said the man—with a grin. Mandé shuddered at the words spoken so lightly, but with such awful meaning to himself. The fatal words run in his ears as plainly as on the night of his carousal. He had long since become convinced of their truth, and with gloomy tranquility he awaited his time. The idea had become his faith—his creed—the very breath of his life—so powerfully was he absorbed in his belief that he no longer wrestled with it—no longer endeavoured to shake off the delusion which had assumed to his diseased imagination all the circumstance of reality. It even impelled him onward, and, by a mysterious and invisible influence, urged him to anticipate its fulfilment.

He walked onward; the mirth and gaity of the crowd was sickening to him; he wished to avoid the people, but the procession was close upon him, and he stood to see it pass. The bride and bridegroom were returning from the nuptial benediction, greeted by the plaudits of the populace. Mandé cast a hurried glance at the principal personage of the pageant, when, instead of turning with his usual disgust at any thing like rejoicing, his gaze became fixed, his eyes were rivetted upon that face. The blood forsook his countenance, his lips quivered, he covered his face with his hands, and looked again, as one bewildered. Good God! was it an apparition! or was it a dreadful reality? It was too true, the beautiful—the adored Nicole was there before him, the daughter and wife of an executioner!—He staggered against the wall for support.—Yes, then she was more beautiful than when he first saw her—the only bright gleam in his dark and troubled life. It was all over; if in his hours of reflection he might have entertained some doubts of the horrible fate that hung over him, they had vanished at a single glance.

From that moment a species of monomania seized on him. Every place of punishment had a charm for him—it was a bloody magnet that attracted him. The gibbet of Montfaucon, that of Montigny, the scaffolds erected in the Place de Grève and in the Holles, he visited every day. He no longer went to pray but in the church of St. Jean de Grève, where the condemned are prepared for death, and were they heard their last mass.

Days of happiness had followed the nuptials which had overwhelmed Mandé with such sudden terror. Petit Jehan, loved his beautiful Nicole more and more, who had given him a boy the image of his mother. Never was child so caressed and beloved, and he was growing in all the happiness and repose of innocent childhood; while Mandé, who had adored his mother, was struggling with the anguish of a life that had been insupportable. Four years had elapsed since he saw Nicole on her way from the altar.

One cloudy day Mandé quitted his retreat; he had become a misanthrope, and shunned the light of day. He entered Paris by the street of La Porte Montmartre, his pace was irregular, his right hand covered his forehead, across which passed clouds as dark as those which obscured the horizon. He had passed a terrible night—he felt that his hour had at length arrived—that a powerful and irresistible hand was urging him to his fate, while a voice whispered continually in his ear the same words that he heard the sorcerer utter. Despair was in his look—his face was wild and haggard his hands were dry and hot—a fire was burning within him, and his throat was parched—a horrible desire came over him—he felt that he could only quench his consuming thirst in BLOOD! A young man approached him. He was attired gaily, as though he were going to some festival; a smile was on his countenance, and he was humming a chansonnette. With the frightful instinct of his distemper, Mandé had unclasped a knife with a long thin blade; the expression of his countenance was fiendish, and as though aware of his repulsive aspect, he shielded it from the light of day by his broad slouched hat; but the feeling of his better nature came over him. "Shall I," muttered he; "shall I send a soul to his last account, perhaps with crime upon his head?—his eternal punishment will be added to my weight of guilt. No! no! some other victim, more innocent than he;"—and he was proceeding along, casting about him furious glances of deadly import. "Ha!" said he, "shall I strike that young maiden, she has the very look of purity and innocence?" As he spoke these words a young girl came bounding onward; the glow of health and beauty was on her cheeks, and her eye seemed lighted up with joy and love. "But what if I pierce two hearts in one?" he muttered; "she has perhaps an expectant lover; at a single blow I shall destroy two—the scaffold demands not that;" he reached the corner of La Rue de Garnelle. At fifty paces from him was a group of children playing in all the innocency of childhood. How joyous their cries—how sparkling their eyes—how graceful their movement—it was the beau ideal of joyous life. Mandé suddenly stopped, rivetted his glance upon the youngest of the group with flowing chesnut curls and rosy cheeks. "His is an innocent soul, pure as the wings of angels; I can do no injury to him. He is an angel that I shall send back to Paradise—poor little one, I shall perhaps save thee from many evils, perhaps from crime. How sweet to snatch a human being from the sight of such torments as mine."

While thus holding fearful converse with himself, he advanced gradually toward the children, who, excited by his presence, played with renewed ardor. Mandé was now within a few paces of the children; three or four of them ran toward him, and sought to attract his attention by their innocent gambols. Once he was on the point of retracing his steps; but he could not—*he knew his time was come!* The children gathered round him, and all addressed him at once; he lifted up in his arms the little creature with the chesnut curls.

"He is only four years old; he is the youngest and most innocent," said Mandé to himself. And as he encircled him with one of his arms, his dreadful mania came strongly over him; blood was in his thought—he thirsted only for blood—and his eyes gleamed with the dreadful insanity. The little innocent was frightened at his looks.

"Let me go," he cried, struggling to get free—"let me go and play;" but Mandé clutched him convulsively toward him, and plunged the long knife deep in his heart! A stream of blood bubbled from the wound, and the little creature gasped and fell dead with his tiny white arms circling the neck of his murderer.

The laughter of the children was quickly transformed into cries of terror at the sight of blood. The neighbours ran to the spot; but Mandé made not the slightest attempt to escape—he had fulfilled his destiny. The watch arrived and seized Mandé, who a few days afterward was condemned by M. Robert d'Estourville, prevost of Paris, to *die upon the scaffold!*

On the day following the trial, the condemned, carrying a lighted torch, proceeded barefooted to the place of execution, before the gates of Notre Dame. As he passed along to the fatal spot the imprecations of the women were dreadful: maternal love assumed a savage tenderness that eloquently burst forth—the mothers embraced their little ones, and pressed them wildly to their bosoms as the assassin passed.

Having at length reached the foot of the scaffold, Mandé ascended the steps with a stern composure: he was supported by the innate conviction that he had obeyed a law that was inevitable, and he found himself standing face to face to a young executioner whom he had never seen before. They stood alone above the immense crowd below.

"Come, little Jehan—this is your first essay; remember a father ought not to miss the *assassin of his child!*" These encouraging words proceeded from Master Henri Cousin, his sire, and from Master Merry Capiluche, who bore the same affinity to Nicole—it was her child that he had slain. All was prepared. Little Jehan waved his thirsty sabre round his head, and as it made its fatal descent the last mortal sounds that shook the ears of the unfortunate Mandé was a hoarse guttural laugh, which proceeded from the old necromancer at the foot of the scaffold. His prediction was fulfilled—*Mandé died upon the scaffold.*

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES TO MISS J*****.

Thou art in truth, by all that's right,
A star dropt down from spheres above;
A Sylph whose beauty charms the sight,
A Maid whose presence causes love.

I could compare thee to the Queen of night,
Fair Luna riding in her silver car;
While round thee shines in weaker light,
Stars that in brilliancy inferior are.

And I fain would speak of thy polished brow,
Of thy fairy steps, and winning air;
Of "the smiles that win, of the tints that glow"
On the face of the "fairest of the fair."

Of thine eye, so black, so heavenly soft;
So bright, so full of hidden feeling;
Of its glance which charms our eyes too oft,
And e'en our very hearts is stealing.

But my harp and its strings are by far too light,
Too weak I fear for this bold deed;
Of daring to speak of all that is bright,
Of all that is loveliness indeed.

Jos.

Wilmington, N. C.

THE GLAD

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

CITY ANTHOLOGY.

BY JOHN J. JOBSON, JR. OF JUNIPER STREET.

CANTATA V. *To J. K. Paulding, Esq. Secretary of the Navy.*

Come let us try a "letter strain,"
Such as the statesman's use may tickle,
Who strong much, and not in vain,
His acid temper to restrain,
Forget to use his lancet in pickle.

Hence comes a visible decay,
Which I and all his friends lament;
His swallow, which many say
Could boast a premium, one day,
Has fallen to less than six per cent!

Yet Paulding, much that thou hast writ
Was happily imbued with wit,
Which rarely ran, like melted tallow;
And yet, albeit the author shin'd,
To me it always seem'd,—by mind
We take some senses,—such a dog and shallow

Of this the times have giv'n us proof:—
For you, if common sense had rul'd,
From politics would've stood aloof,
Not be by subtler knaves fobb'd of!

When you endorsd that serious charge
Against our free, sound-hearted navy,
I knew by prudence such a step
And all thy brain was gone to gravy.

Just so it is.—A man may go
Unnoted through a crowd of people,
With garments torn; but what's above
He makes, if mounted on a steeple!

Just so with thee:—thy ragged wits
Had been unseen,'t among the crowd;
But when alof the wearer sits,
The merriment is long and loud.

Our friend, the president, no doubt,
Studied to do those wond'rous graces,
When his discernment pick'd thee out
To fill an elevated place.

But truly 'twas a grievous spite:—
Like grinning through a horse collar,
The statesmen, with delight,
Their giddy elevation see;
But 'tis a dangerous place for them:
And thine's a dangerous place for thee!

And cho' the navy must submit
To be by powerfulness assail'd;
Yet all must own, thy daring fit
Of sense and reason has prevail'd.

I say it. Let it now be shown
Whatever thy senate has appear'd—
All damn? Then be thy conduct known
As most preposterous and absurd.

Where is the hardy slave who dare
To say this censure strikes me not?
When party zeal and friendship's prayer
Sue only for oblivion's blot:—
And well they're answer'd, I say,
When all his actions are forgot.

Philadelphia, Oct. 13, 1828.

A COMPLETE, YET PUZZLING ANSWER.—*Did you or did you not* promise to pay me, Sir, the other night" said a peremptory gentleman to a fellow collegian (now eminent in the state.) *did or did not* speak of you." "and the respondent.

In a village in Staffordshire, a few years ago, so enamoring the parish sextonate, the following curiosities appeared.—One of the Overseers had made *sixty three weeks in a year*; an item in the other Overseer's account was his sum of money paid in aid of the *County Rate*; this amount a good deal of laughter, and the Churchwardens more heartily than the Constable, who nonchalantly afterward produced his accounts, in which was a charge for holding a computer were a man found dead.

TIME.—The vehicle that carries every thing; eats nothing. What is it of *spinning* our time, as if it were so much interest or a perpetual annuity: whereas we are all living upon our capital, and he who wastes a single day, throws away that which can never be recalled or recovered.

"How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not, like O attached to it your family is Irish, and, no doubt, illustrious." —"No family has a better right to an O than our family," said Sheridan, "for we O (owe) to every body.

Plutarch used to say, that men of small capacities put into great places, like statues set upon great pillars, are made to appear the less by their advancement.

WIT.—A country clergyman to one of his flock do you always nurse at your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger?" "Because, sir," replied the you preach! I am sure all's right; but can't find a stranger without keeping a good look out.

APPROPRIATE RHYME.—A North country parishioner, returning from a neighboring fair, having partaken too freely of cold barley-corn, fell asleep by the highway side, and a pig being attracted to the spot began smelling at the drunken fellow's mouth. The latter feeling the salute, but mistaking the applicant, roared out, "Who's a kissing me now?" You see what it is to be well liked among the ladies.

PRAYING MACHINE.—In the high roads of Japan every mountain, hill, and cliff, is covered, carved to some divinity to which travellers are required to address holy prayers. As this would occupy too much time for those who are in haste, a machine is used consisting of upright posts with cross bars set into the top. This, turning round of this pole upon which the prayer is engraved, is deemed equivalent to repeating the prayer.

LEGISLATIVE ORATORS.—When we were a member of the Delaware legislature, the question of the celebrated Daniel Boon was announced to the house by one of its members, in the following original manner. "Mr. Speaker it is with a melancholy fact that Daniel Boon are dead. I therefore move that we adjourn this session one cor. until ten o'clock to-morrow forenoon."

A dentist was lately making a speech in one of the interior counties. "Gentlemen," exclaimed a lawyer in the crowd. "I will pull your tooth for a shilling and your nose for half the money," replied the speaker.

THE FINALE TO A COURTSHIP.—"I Flora—gracious me, Emma—no! Flora—indeed! Flora! am come to—oh! you deceive my fate—I am come, my Flora—don't I see you. Malcolm, my love, we are come, you tell me. Interpret, I pray intelligence, certainly. Well, what news? Oh, Flora, I am come to know how I'm after you now sweet and kind, I suppose?" "Yes." Well do it like a man, if you can, and like a man I believe." Pingue taise your self-possession! exclaimed I, suddenly starting up from my seat upon which I had fallen in an attitude that might have won the approval of even Madame de Maintenon; "you ought to be ashamed of myself." "Proceed, sir, said Flora—You take liberties, I would assure you sweet Flora—Flora—Flora—will you marry me?" "Yes. "Will you give me?" "You may take me." "Then I took the proffered kiss. "Now, that is going to work rationally, said Flora "when a lover is to be said, why may it not be said in two seconds, instead of stuttering and summering two hours over it." Oh, how carefully I do take all note of your advice," exclaimed the tarry master, clasping the lovely damsel's waist. "Well, then, said I "nothing more, what day shall we fix for our nuptials."

HINDOO WOMEN.—We are glad to see that the Hindoos are stirring themselves to obtain permission for their widows to re-marry. And a curious fact it is, that one which cannot constantly cannot be interfered with by our government, since it can show that the practice prohibition is not an essential part of the Hindoo system. Certainly, if in any country more than another prohibition is absurd, it is here, where Hindoo females are frequently married at two years of age: so that the ordinary chances of life must expose them to ten times the widowhood of persons marrying at maturity. A child who has been thus pledged, and whose husband may have died before she was out of her nurse's arms, is thus sacrificed to an absurd prejudice, which the Hindoos are beginning to be ashamed of. If every country be prone to place their women on a perfect equality with the other sex, they may depend upon it that they never will reach with extreme nations.—*Bombay Gazett.*

PROVERBS.—A white glove often on cloth is very loud. The reason for injures is not to other cloth. Be a friend to yourself with Go into the court to hear the news of the town. Be not a baker if your head is made of butter. Call me cousin, but cozen me not. Faint praise is disparagement. Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy. Zeal without knowledge is like fire without light. Paul said white paper soon take an impression. Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms. The clutch is out of temper when charity is cold and zeal is hot. The sting of reproach is the truth of it. Envy shoots at others and wounds herself. A good suit is more dangerous than a lion's claw. Beware of a silent dog and a wet rat.

THE STOLEN SEASON.—Two gentlemen, who had attended a concert service, were talking of it afterward in company. "Didn't you like our parson's sermon, very much," said one. "Yes," replied the other, "it was a good sermon; but he stole it." This was told the preacher, who resented it and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will; I said you had stolen the sermon, I perceive I was wrong, for on reviewing and conferring to the book that I thought it was taken from, I found it was there."

A CHALLENGE.—A little fop conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman who had ventured to give him many wholesome advice, attended by an old man with an old countenance and said, "Sir, you are no gentleman, here is my card, consider yourself challenged.—Sensible of it from those when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with the porter to admit you immediately on your satisfaction." To which the other replied, "Sir, you are a fool—here is my card, consider yourself kicked, pulled, and shook! I shall be at home when you call on me, you will find that I have left orders with my servant to kick you into the street."

ANECDOTE OF JEROME BONAPARTE.—He was one day, after a considerable quantity of twenty-five louis, his purse being empty, although General Moral, governor of Paris, and who was very fond of play, often assisted him with his loss; this time the latter resource failed him; and the gamester's silence which he received from the Count had been spent in advance. What was he to do? To whom address himself? To his other brothers? they were absent. Joseph and Louis commanded regiments at a distance; Lucien was in disgrace; and Eliza at Florence. As to his mother, she could not see any reason for giving money to a young scapegrace like him, whom she loved tenderly, but whose morals she was using matters for fear his prodigality. What could he think of? It came into his head to pay a visit to a lady man, his mistress, who had become rich. He presents himself, and is well received by this worthy relation, at whose house a numerous party was assembled. He was invited to dinner; after dinner they passed into the salon to take coffee. At this moment he whispers to the Cardinal entering another room: the latter hastens to the first into a corner this dear uncle, whom he had already so often wheedled out of money, and requests the same favor again, but the other is immovable and refuses flatly. Cardinal Fesch, it was well known, was always a great lover of pictures